



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

IN VACATION.

Presence of Mind.—Presence of mind is a great thing. A boy came running to his father with the news that a man had fallen through the open coal hole.

"Clap the cover on quick and call the policeman," said his father. "We must arrest him for trying to steal our coal or he will be suing us for damages."—Boston Transcript.

Proud and Haughty.—On my way to prison (writes a correspondent) for the purpose of visiting a conscientious objector I was joined by another woman. We began to exchange confidences. In reply to a question, I said, "I'm going to see a conscientious objector."

Her nose turned up with ineffable scorn, and she said:

"A conscientious objector? Thank God, my man's not one of them things!" and then she added, proudly, "He's in for forgery."—Manchester Guardian.

Missed Their Calling.—The following story is told of General Sir Douglas Haig:

He was, it appears, inspecting a cavalry troop, and was particularly struck with the neat way in which repairs had been made on some of the saddles.

"Very good work," he remarked to the troop sergeant major. "Who did it?"

"Two of my troopers, sir," was the reply.

"You're fortunate to have two such expert saddlers in your troop," said Haig.

"As a matter of fact, sir," was the reply, "they're not saddlers, in civil life being lawyers."

"Well," ejaculated Sir Douglas, "how men who can do work like that could have wasted their lives over law I can't imagine."

For a Song.—Police Lieutenant Hanlin was reading a report at his desk when he was disturbed by a commotion at the door. Looking in that direction, he saw a big negro being pushed in through the door by Officer Murphy. The negro's head was bleeding.

"Well, what have you been up to?" said the lieutenant, severely.

"Ah ain' done nothin'," replied the negro.

"You must have done something or you wouldn't be in that state, and you wouldn't have been run in."

"Hones' to Gawd, boss, Ah ain' done nary thing. Naw, suh"

"Well, you must have said something, then."

"Ah ain' say nothin' and Ah ain' done no in.' Ah was just walking 'long singing, 'Ireland must be Heaven, for my mother came from there,' when 'long come somethin' and hit me side de haid. When I wake up this here officer had done got me."—New York Evening Post.